

## POOR LO ON ICE.

THE ALASKAN INDIAN IS SLOWLY BECOMING A TRADITION.

Eskimos, Thlingits and Aleuts are being degraded by civilization influences and are embracing the white man's vices instead of his virtues. They are gradually abandoning their ancient costumes and customs and sinking into savagery with all modern improvements. — Mark Fallon, Writer of His Experiences Among the Peoples of Uncle Sam's Territory in the North West.

(Special.)

SITKA, Alaska, Oct. 23. Via SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 1. Poor Lo, the Indian, will soon be as much of a tradition in Alaska as he is in the Western States. Most of the natives are passing through what for them is certainly the degrading process of civilization. The Aleuts particularly are abandoning their ancient costumes and customs and aping the dress and manners of the paleface. Among this people the aboriginal fur garments have been almost entirely replaced by the white man's store clothes and the aboriginal stomach is being slowly but surely corroded by the white man's rum.

Parentetically, I may remark that the worst whisky on this green earth is sold right here in little old Alaska. I would give a good-sized nugget for a genuine Manhattan cocktail, and I am not what a Kentucky colonel would call a drinking man. One feels the need of a really pure stimulant occasionally in these parts. It is doubtful if any man would remain a teetotaler long in this latitude. Good whisky is a blessing here when it is needed. It's like carrying a gun in Texas. You may live here all your life and never need it, but when you do need it, you need it "mighty sudden." What is ruining the Alaskan natives is not good whisky, but bad rum—red-hot tanglefoot, that burns and bites like vitriol.

## Doesn't Like the Native.

I have met the Alaskan native in all his phases, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and I am free to confess that I am not yet prepared to hail him as a man and a brother. As a man, he is at best a rude apology; as a brother, he would be a disgrace to the family. He is about the dullest, slowest, dirtiest, meanest coyote to be found anywhere on the North American continent. Philadelphia lawyers and Coney Island photographers not excepted, and so far as the present generation is concerned, is, in my opinion, utterly hopeless. Something may be done by the Government teachers and by the missionaries to reclaim the youthful Thlingits, Eskimos and Aleuts from their racial stupidity, but the Alaskan Indian of to-day is a pernicious and persistent barbarian, with all modern improvements in the line of savagery.

Since I undertook to prospect this country for news specials, I have fallen upon ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. I have been in Sitka just four days, after an extended tour of Alaska, and have taken two baths every day. This is just double my usual number, but for three months previous every square inch of me, except my face and hands, has been a stranger to water. You can't bathe in the open air in Alaska, save in the summer season, and the Russians who preceded the American pioneers, neglected to build Russian baths. You see, it was part of the Czar's policy to truckle to the prejudices of the natives.



The Girl.

The Alaskan Indians have bathhouses of their own, but although some of the most fearless desperadoes of the Pacific slope have come hither, no white man has yet been found with sufficient nerve to enter one of them. By the time I get back to the States I hope to be clean enough to enable my friends to recognize me—but it's an even chance. For three months I have foregathered

with Thlingits and Eskimos and Aleuts in every accessible part of the great Northwest. I have slept in the igloo of the kolosh, with sledge dogs lying on my chest and greasy Eskimo babies sticking their pudgy feet in my face, half suffocated by the pot-pourri of perfumes emanating from a dozen human and canine forms, and I have huddled under the inverted kayak or bidarka of the Thlingit, with the rain beating upon every part of me except my head and a bitter east wind chilling me to the marrow. As fate ordained, I have made a meagre meal of ulikan and seaweed cakes, or have gorged myself on seal blubber and moose steaks. I have discussed yukula (a very fine trout) with the Aziavliok-hamut and have shared shellfish with the Aleut. To my discredit be it said, I have tried to drink—fusel oil and all—the fearful liquor which the Eskimo distills from flour paste, sugar, dried fruit, berries, etc. I am happy to say that I have been wholly unable to do so. That vile decoction would overstate the bibulous endurance of a Boverly lush.

Long before I returned to this, the capital of Alaska, I learned to appreciate even the poor heat of a chiksha



fire, made of the dry vines of the berry of that name. Now I am luxuriating in the delightful warmth of a real coal blaze.

## The Various Tribes.

Of the Alaskan Indians, the Sitkas have been probably less injured by civilization influences than any other tribe. The Takus are more self-assertive and taller, and have better features than the average, excepting the Chilkats, who are much like them. The most primitive are the Yakutats, who have the darkest skins. The largest men are found among the Hutznahus. The Aukis are the least intelligent and have very bad figures. The Thlingits are very imitative, and extremely shrewd. These last are guilty of all kinds of offenses against the moral code, and would rather lie than tell the truth any day. I have known Thlingits to lie when it would have been distinctly to their advantage not to do so. They relish a good lie as does an American a bright joke.

Gratitude is unknown among them, and theft is second nature. All the men are born gamblers and both sexes are addicted to the excessive use of tobacco and rum. They are confirmed skeptics and laugh in their sleeves at their chief idol, Yehi, even while they are sacrificing to him. Even their belief in shamanism and witchcraft is a dead letter, and as Christianity has not yet taken its place, they have no faith. Polygamy is as popular among them as it is with the Mormons.

## The Cheerful Kolosh.

One thing may be said in favor of the Eskimo—he is the most persistently good-natured chap in America. With everything under the midnight sun to make him miserable, he laughs at his frozen fate and finds humor in congestive chills. Pleuro-pneumonia is a huge joke with him, and diphtheria a delicate witicism. As for such petty details as food, clothing and shelter, they are to him absolutely ridiculous. He can get along with less of them than any man on earth, except the Frisco Chinaman. I have seen him, when the mercury was shrinking into the lowest part of the bulb, trot around with nothing on above his waist and his feet bare. Nevertheless, when he is playing in luck, he will swaddle himself in furs like a gay Parisienne. It takes such a philosopher to eke out existence in the Arctic Zone.

The Eskimo's cheerfulness is the more laudable in view of his relations with his mother-in-law. That estimable lady rules him with an iron hand. She has by law, what she has by custom in civilized climes, the right to dictate to him in every detail of his shivvy career. The Eskimo would not dare to build a new igloo or kayak or bidarka, to go on a journey, to sell a bundle of furs, to buy anything whatsoever or to cut his hair without consulting

his mother-in-law. She is the actual head of the family.

**Woman's Rights in Alaska.** Women occupy an equivocal position among the Alaskan natives. Their legal rights are many, but until they become mothers-in-law, their actual privileges are few. A mother is practically the slave of her eldest son, although he and the rest of her children take their surname and tribal pedigree from her. Instead of from their father. When her daughters marry, however, her sons-in-law become her serfs, and thenceforward she enjoys sweet revenge upon the male sex. The large, ferocious-looking females in the photograph of a group of Alaskan women I sent you a couple of weeks ago may easily be distinguished as mothers-in-law.

With that photograph I also forwarded a tintype of a Thlingit girl, the belle of the village of Kanakanak, and a snapshot of an Alaskan Indian in the act of harpooning a seal. Poor Lo, when I caught him with my camera, was standing on the prow of the barabara, his harpoon poised for the lunge at the frightened seal, an expression of fiendish glee on his swart features and his whole body bristling with the joy

## SLEW FOURTEEN WIVES.

MULLER SAYS HE HAS KILLED FOUR THOUSAND PERSONS.

**Accuses Himself of the Murders of His Father and Mother and of the Assassination of Several of His Children—Gave Himself Up at the Kassmark Police Station in Rotterdam—When the Officers Refused to Believe Him, the Criminal Laid on the Desk Four Bloody Human Ears—Now He Is Trying to Starve Himself to Death—He Was Confined in an English Asylum for the Insane Four Years Ago.**

(By Anglo-American Press.)

ROTTERDAM, Nov. 1. The notorious crimes of the late American murderer, Holmes, have been outdone by the wholesale butcheries perpetrated by Gustav Carl Friedrich Muller, a watchmaker of this city, who has surrendered himself to the police for the assassination of his wife and child, and who pleads guilty to the murders of his father, mother, fourteen wives and several of his children. It is believed that Muller, though only 32 years of age, has murdered more than twenty persons, to all of whom he was bound by sacred ties. He is now trying to starve himself to death.

Muller entered the Kassmark police station a few days ago, and, approaching the officer on duty, exclaimed dramatically:

"I surrender myself! I have murdered my wife and child!"

"What do you mean?" asked the officer, incredulously.

"Just what I say," answered Muller. "I have killed them both."

Thought He Was Crazy.

"How did you come to do it?" asked the officer, still thinking the man was not telling the truth.

"I was in the kitchen this morning," Muller replied, "cleaning mussels for the midday meal, when a voice called to me to draw my knife across my wife's throat, and I was compelled to obey. Then I killed the little one."

The officer, convinced that Muller was a drunkard or a maniac, laughed, which enraged his visitor.

"Perhaps you will believe me now," cried Muller, taking from his pocket and placing on the desk in front of the horrified officer four bloody human ears. "Go to my house, and you will find that what I have said is true."

The man was immediately placed under arrest, and Chief Strang, the head of the Police Department, was notified. Ordering two officers to follow him, the chief hurried to the prisoner's house and there found ample confirmation of Muller's tragic tale.

## Both Were Butchered.

In the kitchen were the two bodies of Muller's wife and child, the heads of both having been nearly severed from the trunks. The room was spattered with blood.

Chief Strang went to the Kassmark station and subjected Muller to a rigid examination. Muller, without any compulsion, confessed that these two murders were merely links in a long chain of crime. He told the chief he had butchered his father and mother and had married fourteen women in as many parts of the world, all of whom he had done to death, with a number of their children. He could not remember how many little ones he had slaughtered.

After completing his confession, Muller became morosely silent and refused to eat. He has declared his intention of abstaining from food as the only way in which he can commit suicide.

The police now give full credence to his awful story, and are making every effort to trace his other crimes. It is believed that some of his murders were committed in the Orient.

## HIS ENGLISH RECORD.

Muller Declared in London That He Had Butchered Four Thousand Persons.

(By Anglo-American Press.)

LONDON, Nov. 1. Some time in March, 1893, there landed at Dover a German watchmaker named Gustav Muller. He came from India, traveling somewhat leisurely, through France, on his way to this country. When he arrived in London, toward the end of March, he was penniless, or nearly so. The slender resources he may have had in his possession were soon exhausted, and one night he was found wandering in Southwark by Police Constable Ridgway, 13 M. R., who took him to the workhouse in Mint street, Borough. This happened on the 30th of March of the said year.

In due course Gustav Muller, who, strange to say—coming as he did from India—professed neither to understand nor to speak a word of English, came under the observation of the workhouse doctor, who very soon came to the conclusion that the man was of unsound mind. He walked about the yard in a dazed manner, talking to himself all the time, and he told the doctor some extraordinary tales. He had, he said, murdered his father and mother, his wife and children. At other times he proclaimed himself a wholesale slaughterer, having butchered no less than four thousand persons. The police, Muller added, were at last on his track and wanted to kill him.

## Sent to an Asylum.

There being no doubt as to the man's insanity, the necessary certificate for his removal to a lunatic asylum was procured, and on the 15th of April, 1893, Gustav Muller was taken, in the usual way, to the London County Lunatic Asylum, at Banstead, in Surrey.

From inquiries made there yesterday

after the announcement of the crime at Rotterdam—there is no doubt that the Gustav Muller who was detained at Banstead, and the Gustav Muller who gave himself up for the murder of his wife and child to the Rotterdam police, are one and the same person.

In the book of entries at Banstead Gustav Muller is described as well built and well nourished, with healthy organs, and a "well-shaped cranium." His age was given as 27; by trade a watchmaker and goldworker. Nothing was known as to his religion or nationality, and whether he was married or single. Nor were any details forthcoming regarding the epileptic fits from which he was supposed to be suffering, the dates of their occurrence, his treatment in India and in Europe, and so on. But he was reported to suffer from suicidal mania, though not to be a dangerous lunatic.

## Behaved Well at Banstead.

As a matter of fact Gustav Muller not only behaved very well indeed all the time he was at Banstead, quietly working on the farm attached to the asylum and carrying out all the orders given him without reluctance or demur, but showed no signs of delusions or hallucinations. Nor was he subject to any epileptic fits while staying at Banstead. His health was reported fair and improving; his mental state was stated to be "calm and placid," and his features did not indicate "any lowering of the intellectual grade." No tremor of his facial muscles betrayed any inward or mental disturbance. But, as Muller persisted in saying that he did not comprehend anything else but German, further investigation was, no doubt, rendered somewhat difficult.

On April 19, however, Dr. Shaw, the medical student of the asylum, who speaks German and French fluently, had a lengthy conversation with his Teutonic patient. The latter confirmed to him that he had come from India.

## Fell from an Elephant.

While sojourning in that country, he said, he had toward the end of the year 1891 fallen from an elephant he was riding, in consequence of which he had to remain in a hospital for some time. He attributed his epileptic fits, and his mental condition, to that fall in India, from which he had never entirely recovered. He repudiated, however, the correctness of the statements in the certificate of the medical officer of St. George's workhouse, and certainly was not aware of having acted and spoken as therein stated. The doctor in Southwark, he said, must have misunderstood him, not being able to follow his German.

To Dr. Shaw, Muller must have, at any rate, spoken with great clearness and intelligence. He appeared thoroughly earnest and genuine, although he averred as a fact what was undoubtedly false—namely, that he was unmarried, adding, what was probably true, that he had no friends in England.

## Had a Family in Berlin.

At that time Gustav Muller had a wife and child—a boy—living in Berlin. His parents were also alive in Germany, his father being a foreman on the Royal Prussian railways. This is proved by a letter, sent to Dr. Shaw at Banstead, from the secretary of the said railways at Berlin in May, 1893, therefore at the very time that Muller was detained in the asylum. In that letter the writer almost implores Dr. Shaw, in the name of a "mourning family," to tell him whether Gustav



A GROUP OF ALASKAN WOMEN.

Muller was suffering from an incurable disease, or whether there might be a chance of his recovery. Consequently, Muller's "mourning family" must have been aware of his detention at this particular asylum.

Dr. Shaw was able to send an encouraging reply to Berlin. Indeed, in June, 1893, Gustav Muller was rapidly improving in health, so that, on the 22d of that month, the committee of visitors felt justified to order his release as fully "recovered," of course, on the report of the medical authorities at Banstead to that effect.

## Sent Back to Germany.

After his discharge Gustav Muller was lost sight of for a while; but there is no doubt that soon afterward he was sent back to Germany, presumably at the expense of the Imperial Exchequer, as a pauper, for, at the end of the said year we find him once again in

the conjugal domus at Berlin. He had deserted his wife and child in January, 1890, leaving no trace of his whereabouts for fully three years and a half. This period in the murderer's existence is still largely a blank. It is only known that he wandered about in the world, visiting many countries, and finally finding his way to India, where, as we have already seen, he met with a serious accident toward the end of 1891.

There is no doubt that Muller absconded in January, 1890, from Berlin as a fraudulent bankrupt, but he persuaded his wife to take him back again after his return from England, and things seemed more hopeful for the Muller family, as Gustav seemed wishful to settle down in life, and managed to obtain some lucrative employment in his old line of business at Berlin, he appearing to have been a really skillful artisan.

## Deserted One Wife.

But Frau Muller was not destined to be quiet and happy for long. In 1896, toward the end, Muller vanished from the German capital once again, and it was then discovered that he, having sent his wife to the circus one evening, had managed to get hold of some 1,600 marks, which the poor woman had received as a legacy, and managed to keep intact in spite of her financial troubles occasioned by the former conduct of her husband.

Gustav Muller, who had married her in 1888, at Berlin, appeared to have decamped not only with all her savings, but also with the daughter of a man named Hannemann, who was living with his family in the same house where the Mullers stayed. It is this girl, Margaret Hannemann, and her little 1-year-old daughter by him, that he has foully murdered in Rotterdam, after basely betraying both her and his lawful wife.

With Margaret Hannemann Gustav Muller has lived as a husband, first at Amsterdam, afterward at Rotterdam. In both places they appear to have lived a comfortable life, mainly on the money stolen at Berlin, but at Rotterdam Muller managed to obtain profitable employment with a respectable watchmaker.

## DOLL CAUSED HER DOWNFALL.

Eight-Year-Old Girl Arrested for Stealing a Waxen Doll.

(By Anglo-American Press.)

MANCHESTER, Eng., Nov. 1. There was something very human in a charge of stealing a doll preferred against a child at Brighton police court yesterday. The small occupant of the dock was only 8 years old, and her name was Rose Coleby.

When passing a toy shop the other day Rose espied a doll displayed outside the fancy bazaar in a manner most attractive.

The child's weakness for dolls was not proof against the sudden temptation. She passed and repassed, and still returned to feast her eyes on the waxen beauty, and, at last, unable to resist any longer, she snatched it up and fled.

The shopman, however, was on the alert, and Rose and the doll were soon parted.

The case aroused considerable curiosity and amusement at the local court, but matters took a more serious turn when it was intimated that there was another charge against Rose of purloining a watch. On that account the child was remanded for further inquiries.



sations and physical lassitude and mental despondency. The whole body is tormented with pain and the entire nervous system is racked. If they consult the average obscure physician, he will attribute their bad feelings to stomach, liver, kidney, heart or nervous trouble. If, by accident, he hits upon the right cause, he will insist upon the disgusting examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive, modest woman.

The real trouble is weakness or disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. There is no necessity for examinations or local treatment. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all disorders of this nature in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It stops exhausting drains. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It restores the beauty and vivacity lost through long months of years of pain and suffering. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. At all medicine stores. Avoid substitutes.

To cover mailing only, send 3¢ one-cent stamps for paper-covered copy, or 3¢ for cloth-bound copy. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address, Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## A Favorite Occupation.

In England, as elsewhere in the world, good-behavior convicts and those whose terms are about to expire are put at work that is lighter, cleaner and generally more pleasant than that which the less favored unfortunates have to do. Mowing hay with the old-fashioned scythe is one of the choice occupations in the early summer with those of England's wards who are deemed available material for extra consideration. Still mowing with a scythe is not at all easy work, and the armed guards watch over these favored few, as over the unjust and untrusty.—Collier's Weekly.

## Bad Place to Keep It.

"Don't be so severe on the signal service officer; he means to give us good weather."

"Then why doesn't he?"

"Well—you know how hard it is for a man to find anything in a bureau drawer."—Detroit Free Press.



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